To Catch a Brownie

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26867452.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	eventual Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Folklore, Scottish Folklore & Mythology, Brownies, Allusions to The Parasol Protectorate, Mentions of The Parasol Protectorate, mini!Will, Will is a brownie, Brownie!Will, Hannibal is still a cannibal, tags to be updated as the story goes
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-07 Words: 851 Chapters: 1/?

To Catch a Brownie

by Dontbevain

Summary

Multiple footsteps stomped above him, and he rolled out of his nest in a grumpy mood.

Notes

I was inspired by this piece of art by Beanyzilla of Hannibal catching a mini!Will in his house! Thank you for letting me write a little something about it.

My first attempt at a chaptered fic. It's a WIP.

He was unlike most brownies. Brownies never allowed themselves to be found, named, or clothed. He was rather odd in that respect. The brownies in his community would balk at these things, leaving their house forever, but he liked his home. It had the best tunnels to get to his hiding spots, and it was distant enough from other houses in the neighbourhood to have quiet and privacy.

Plus, he enjoyed the company of the strange little girl who didn't think it odd that her home contained a brownie. The Maccon's daughter, Prudence, found him munching on cookie crumbs in the kitchen one night when she woke up for a midnight snack. He was so distracted by his sweet tooth that he didn't hear her. He almost went invisible, but she pulled out her mother's treacle tarts. So he didn't mind when the little girl in the house called him Curly because of his unruly hair or when she sometimes dressed him up in her doll clothes. Many of which were custom made and gifted by her family members. There was always a sweet treat for him after. Sadly, that would all come to an end. The family was moving back to England.

The brownie was sad to see the Maccon family go. They had a pair of large dogs that he loved to play with. Sometimes they carried him on their backs around the house or the yard. They were a jovial family; the house was always full of amusing visitors. He thought that the mother's friend, Ivy, was rather silly, but her children dropped the most delicious cookies for him. The best visitor, he thought, was Alexander. He brought the most delightful little treats from his travels worldwide; fresh Turkish delights from Istanbul, handmade bonbons and chocolates from Paris, custom blends of tea from China, and wine from Italy.

Before the family left, the little girl left behind a tiny trunk full of clothes and blankets for him. Many of the clothing was too fanciful for his tastes, so he pulled out the softest flannels and cotton to wear. Prudence was kind enough to leave behind doll sized pillows. They will make a comfortable addition to his nest.

Now, the house sat empty, waiting for the new owner to move in. Luckily, he put away a stash of food before the other family left. He wouldn't have to go out and hunt, though the garden still held a few unharvested vegetables and fruits. He didn't enjoy growing big to hunt; he preferred to be small. For the next few days, he made sure to clean up what was missed when the family moved away. The owner would be proud to move into such a clean and spotless house! When he was satisfied with the cleanliness, he took the time to rearrange his nest of soft bedding to burrow in for nice, relaxing sleep.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The tiny brownie was startled from his sleep to a cacophony of noises above him. His bedroom is located beneath the dining room and above the unfinished cellar. It was closest to the fireplace in the dining room, keeping him wonderfully warm in the winter. Multiple

footsteps stomped above him, and he rolled out of his nest in a grumpy mood. He liked to sleep late, and it was certainly too early for all that noise!

He could hear the overlapping noises of trucks moving around the house and shuffling sounds of boxes getting carried in above him. He snuck through the small tunnels in the house to peek through a hole next to the mantle; it was small enough for him to go unnoticed. It was a group of construction workers! What are they doing to his house? They were bringing in all kinds of dirt and dust from their boots, along with materials to renovate a home. The house was perfectly snug as it was! He did not like the new owner already. These people were making a mess!

A man dressed in a bespoke suit with a loud pattern and contrasting tie strode into the room with the contractor. He must be the new house owner. He was tall with ashy brown hair and spoke with a deep, refined, European accented voice. Together, the men looked at blueprints on a pile of boxes, pointing and discussing renovation plans. There were sample materials nearby for the man in the suit sifted through. The brownie wasn't interested in construction plans; however, he is invested in sleep.

The curly-haired brownie didn't like to leave his house very often, but there was too much noise, and he needed his sleep if he was going to be up all night cleaning up the mess they were currently making. He gathered up a pack of blankets and set out for the tool shed in the backyard. He arranged a sheltered nook inside the shed where he occasionally liked to sleep when the weather was warm. The weather was still mild enough for him to sleep out there. He aired the space out and went to sleep.

Works inspired by this one

Art {to catch a brownie} by jazzy2may

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